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I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE ARMY

I don't want to join the Army,  
I don't want to go to war,  
I just want to hang around Picadilly under ground  
Living off the earnings of some high class lady.  
I don't want a bullet up me arse hole,  
Don't want me buttocks shot away,  
Just want to live in England, in Jolly jolly England  
And fornicate me broomin life away.

Oh blimey

Monday me hand was on her ankle  
Tuesday I touched her on the knee  
Wednesday with much success, I lifted up her dress  
Thursday I proceeded further  
Friday I put me hand upon it  
Saturday she gave me balls a tweak  
And Sunday after supper, I ramm'd the old boy up her,  
And now I'm paying 69 a week.  
On blimey

Call out the Army and the Navy  
Call out the Queens Artillery  
Call out me mother, me sister, and me brother,  
But for God's sake don't call me.

THE STEEPLE

He stood on the steeple,  
and he peed on the people,  
but the people couldn't pee on him.  
AMEN.

BIG BLACK HUEY

The big black Huey came up from the Delta,  
General Stillwell.  
The big black Huey came up from the Delta,  
Long time ago.

It was a long time ago, it was a long time ago,  
The big black Huey came up from the delta,  
Long time ago.

He spied him a dike and he spied him a Shawnee, --  
He jumped that dike and he jumped that Shawnee-- --  
He missed that dike and he missed that Shawnee, --  
His skids hung low but his rotor hung lower. -- --  
The big black Huey went back to the Delta. -- --

ld at the Seminary, and at Tan Son Nhut. Ziegler first heard a sergeant singing it and made the man repeat it slowly while he wrote down the words for his diary. The verses were flawed by a number of factual inaccuracies. Ballads of battles composed by the men who fight them often do suffer from factual inaccuracies because of the confusion of war, but the inaccuracies do not detract from truth. The ballad—called “Ap Bac” and sung to the tune of “On Top of Old Smokey”—would have told the president what he needed to know:

We were called into Tan Hiep  
On January 2,  
We would never have gone there  
If we'd only knew.  
We were supporting the ARVN,  
A group without guts,  
Attacking a village  
Of straw-covered huts.  
A ten-copter mission,  
A hundred-troop load,  
Three lifts were now over  
A fourth on the road.  
The VC's start shooting,  
They fire a big blast,  
We off-load the ARVN,  
They sit on their ass.  
One copter is crippled,  
Another sits down,  
Attempting a rescue,  
Now there are two on the ground.  
A Huey returns now  
To give them some aid,  
The VCs are so accurate  
They shoot off a blade.  
Four pilots are wounded,  
Two crewmen are dead,  
When it's all over  
A good day for the Red.  
They lay in the paddy  
All covered with slime,  
A hell of a sunbath  
Eight hours at a time.  
An armored battalion  
Just stayed in a trance,

One captain died trying  
 To make them advance.  
 The paratroops landed,  
 A magnificent sight,  
 There was hand-to-hand combat,  
 But no VCs in sight.  
 When the news was reported  
 The ARVN had won,  
 The VCs are laughing  
 Over their captured guns.  
 All pilots take warning,  
 When tree lines are near,  
 Let's land those damn copters  
 One mile to the rear.

93 RD Trans Co  
 "Soc Trang Tigers"  
 Became the  
 121 st Aviation Co  
 in 1964

One of the vestiges of the Geneva Agreements of 1954 was a tripartite organization called the International Commission for Supervision and Control. The commission had been created to monitor observance of the accords by all parties and had therefore been balanced by delegations from Communist Poland, anti-Communist Canada, and then neutral India, which held the chairmanship permanently and was supposed to referee. By 1963, the ICSC had long ceased to serve any purpose, but the delegations still maintained offices and living quarters in Hanoi and Saigon, commuted back and forth on a special plane, and, because of their diplomatic status, circulated with relative freedom in both capitals. The delegates were thus thought to be informed about opinion on both sides of the war.

The senior Polish delegate in 1963 was an inquiring man, a Jewish intellectual named Mieczyslaw Maneli, who taught international law at the University of Warsaw when he was not on diplomatic assignment. He had helped the Vietnamese as a member of an ICSC inspection team in 1954, and they liked him. At a reception in Hanoi one evening he was taken aside by another man of inquiring mind with rough, homely features, the sort one would expect in a rice-paddy Vietnamese and not in the son of the chief secretary to the last of the Nguyen emperors to be deposed and exiled by the French—Pham Van Dong, Ho Chi Minh's prime minister. There was no need for an interpreter; both men spoke French.

"Tell me something," the prime minister said. "The American generals are always boasting of how they are winning the war in the South. Do they believe it?"

"Yes," Maneli replied. "As far as I can discover they do."

## IN THE MEKONG RIVER DELTA

In the Mekong River Delta,  
In the land of Vietnam.  
There's a Hamlet known as Ap-Bac,  
Where the choppers made a run.

The old goats there were loaded,  
With ten troops in every one.  
As they started their approach,  
They heard, the sound of V.C. guns.

There were forty on the left of them,  
And fifty on the right.  
Then the sky was filled with tracers,  
Twas a very awful sight.

Then a Huey made a run,  
Firing rockets through the air.  
28's and 26's, dropping bombs,  
and strafing there.

An Army Captain on the ground,  
Tried to rouse the ARVN.  
On his radio he gave a call,  
All at once they saw him fall.

The reeds there were covered,  
With the dead by the score-  
A Huey had crashed there-  
One that won't fly anymore.

What happened to the Briefing,  
That the pilots had been given-  
Intelligence reports had failed,  
And the choppers had been nailed.

When the last count was taken,  
There were five on the ground.  
Stay away from those treelines,  
And don't land with those V.C. around.

## CHRISTMAS IN THE MESS HALL

It was Christmas in the Mess Hall,  
All the pilots gathered there.  
They were seated 'round the table,  
And singing filled the air.  
When up stepped the Major, and he gazed around the hall,  
Merry Christmas all you pilots, and the pilots all cried BALLS!

This made the Major angry,  
And he swore by all the gods.  
You shall have no chocolate pudding,  
You no good bunch of slobs.  
Then up jumped the CAPTAIN, with his face as hard as brass,  
You can take your chocolate pudding, and shove it up your ass!

## SHAWNEE PILOTS LAMENT

(Para phrased version of  
Oscar Brand's "Fighter  
pilots Lament" - Korean War)

Oh there are no Shawnee pilots down in hell  
Air Force crewman, bombardiers, Huey pilots and some queers

There are no Field Grade pilots in the fray  
They're sitting in Saigon reading novels in the john.

Oh the Huey pilots life is just a farce  
They don't land in the grass, they just shoot holes in ~~your~~ ass

The Air Force bombers give us our support  
We want napalm but they say, fuel is gone we're on our way

Oh there are no Shawnee pilots in the States  
They are off on Vung Tau Shores, catching clap from all the whores.

## GIVE ME OPERATIONS

Give me operations way out some lonely atoll,  
For I'm to young to die, I just want to go home.

Don't give me a UH-1A,  
Not a nickel for it would I pay.  
With one rocket blast, it will shoot off your ass,  
Don't give me a UH-1A -- 00000hh

Don't give me a UH-1B,  
Its a hell of a ship don't you see.  
Its Emerson kit, it will not shoot shit,  
Don't give me a UH-1B -- 00000hh

Don't give me an OV-1,  
Special weapons like rader and guns.  
She's fast I don't care, she blows up in mid air,  
Don't give me an OV-1 -- 00000hh

Don't give me a OV-2.  
It's a hell of a ship thru and thru.  
With its rate of descent, its gear will be bent,  
Before its first FE is due -- 00000hh

Just give me a shaggy Shawnee,  
Its a hell of a ship don't you see.  
With skill and finesse it will fly with the best,  
Oh give me a shaggy Shawnee -- 00000hh

## SAIGON OH SAIGON

Saigon oh Saigon's a hell of a place,  
The organizations a fucking disgrace,  
There's Captains & Majors and Light Colonels too,  
Their hands in theirpockets and nothing to do.

They stand on the runway they yell and they shout,  
About many things they no nothing about,  
For all that they're doing, they might as well be  
Shoveling shit on the Isle of Capri.

## I WANTED WINGS

I wanted wings til I got the goddamned thing,  
Now I don't want them anymore,  
They taught me how to fly then they sent me off to die,  
Well, I've had a belly full of war;  
You can keep the Special Forces I'll go back to raising horses,  
Distinguished Flying Crosses do not compensate for losses, Buster--

I wanted wings til I got the goddamned things,  
Now I don't want them anymore.

Yes, I'll take the dames let the rest go down in flames,  
I have no desire to be burned;  
Combat spells romance til they shoot holes in my pants,  
I'm not a fighter I have learned;  
Observe the OV-1 and I'll go back and have some fun,  
I'd rather make a woman than be shot down in a Grumman, Buster--

I'm too young to die in the 21 I fly,  
That's for the cager not for me.  
If the rotor blades would stop, I would surely drop,  
Laying in the Delta I would be;  
No the commies aren't for me so save them for the young H.P.  
With my hand around a bottle you can keep your goddamned throttle, Buster--

I don't care to tour over Ben Cat and Bo Mour,  
Ground fire always makes me lose my lunch,  
I get an urge to pray when they holler, "troops away"  
I'd rather be at home and with the bunch;  
For theres one thing you can't laugh off,  
When they shoot your tail plane half-off,  
I'd rather be home buster with my tail than with a cluster, Buster--

They feed us lousy chow but we stay alive some how,  
On dehydrated eggs and milk and stew,  
The rumor has it next they'll be dehydrating sex,  
And that's the day I'll tell the coach I'm through;  
For I've managed all the dangers, the shooting back of strangers,  
But when I get home late, I want my woman laid out straight, O Buster--

## FIREMAN

Her father is a fireman - he puts out fires,  
Her mother is a firemans wife - she puts out fires,  
\_\_\_\_\_ is a fire mans girl - she puts out too.  
A men.

BLESS THEM ALL

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Bless them all, Bless them all,  
The long and the short and the tall.  
Bless old man Piasacki for building this plane,  
But I know a guy who is cursing in vain.  
He took off with his balls to the wall,  
Lost manifold pressure and all.  
The Son of a Bitch - It ran out of Pitch,  
Cheer up my lads, bless them all.

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Bless them all, Bless them all,  
The needle, the airspeed, the ball.  
Bless all those instructors who taught us to fly,  
Sent us to solo and left us to die.  
If ever your blade tip should stall-  
Well your in for one hell of a fall.  
Buy lillies or Violets for dead chopper pilots,  
Cheer up my lads, Bless them all.

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Bless them all, Bless them all  
The long and the short and the tall.  
Bless all the Majors and their bloody sons,  
Bless all the Colonels, the fat headed ones.  
I'm saying goodbye to them all,  
The long and the short and the tall.  
Here's to you and lots others,  
You can shove it up brothers.  
I'm going home in the fall.

SWING LOW

Swing low, sweet 707, comin' for to carry me home,  
Swing low, sweet 707, comin' for to carry me home.

I looked down the Mekong and what did I see, comin' for to carry me home,  
A 707 comin' after me, comin' for to carry me home.

A big silver bird way up in the sky, comin' for to carry me home,  
Let me get on board and we'll fly high, comin' for to carry me home.

Come in and land and carry me, comin' for to carry me home,  
Back to my wife and family, comin' for to carry me home.

## HALLALUIA

Oh Halleluia, Oh Halleluia,  
Throw a nickel on the grass, save a chopper pilots ass.  
Oh Halleluia, Oh Halleluia,  
Throw a nickel on the grass and you'll be saved.

### I.

I was cruising down the Mekong doing sixty, and five per,  
When a call came from the Major-O won't you save me Sir.  
Got three holes in my rotor blades - my tanks aint got no gas,  
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, I got V.C.on my ass!!

### II

I put the pitch stick on the floor, to me it looked all right,  
The airspeed read one hundred, I really racked it tight.  
The airframe gave a shudder, the engine gave a wheeze,  
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, Crash instructions please!!

### III.

I just fell through on final and the pilot gave a shout,  
He was yelling at the Crew Chief - Oh get those Bastards out!  
I pulled in pitch and power - the RPM did fall-  
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, they did hear me call!!

### IV.

They sent me down to Tan Hiep, they said will be a breeze,  
But by the time I got there, there were V.C. in the trees.  
My engine coughed and sputtered, it was too shot up to fly,  
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, I'm too young to die!!

### V.

I climbed out from the Shawnee, loaded down with guns,  
Struggling through the water, I thought my time had come.  
The other chopper landed, it was a pretty sight,  
Baby, Baby, Baby, We'll see Saigon tonight!!

## GIVE MY REGARDS

Give my regards to Saigon, Remember me to Cholon too.  
Tell all the girls down at the Tu Do Bar, that my tour here is thru.  
Tell them that I'm returning, back to the old Z.I.  
Give my regards to General Khanh, and tell him kiss my ass Good bye.